Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number, what, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twenty, *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeeme well-fauour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt,
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe, ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty, ten, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Haue a command to tend you?
Regan. What needs one?
Lear. O reaſon not the deed, our baſeſt beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Mans life's as cheap as beaſts; thou art a Lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgious weareſt,
Which ſcarſely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me heere (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not too much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not, but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth; you thinke ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
But this heart ſhall breake in a thouſand flowes

Ere ile weepe; ô foole, I ſhall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloceſter, Kent, and Foole

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a ſtorme.
Reg. This houſe is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well beſtowed.
Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I purpoſd, where is my Lord of *Gloceſter*?

Enter Gloceſter.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whether.
Reg. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himſelfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake windes
Do ſorely ruffell, for many miles about there's not a buſh.
Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their ſchoole-maſters, ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abuſed, wiſedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wilde night,
My *Regan* counſels well, come out ath ſtorme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at ſeuerall doores.

Kent. What's heere beſide foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Element,
Bids the winde blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters boue the maine,
That things might change or ceaſe, teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blaſts with eieleſſe rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to out-ſcorne,